

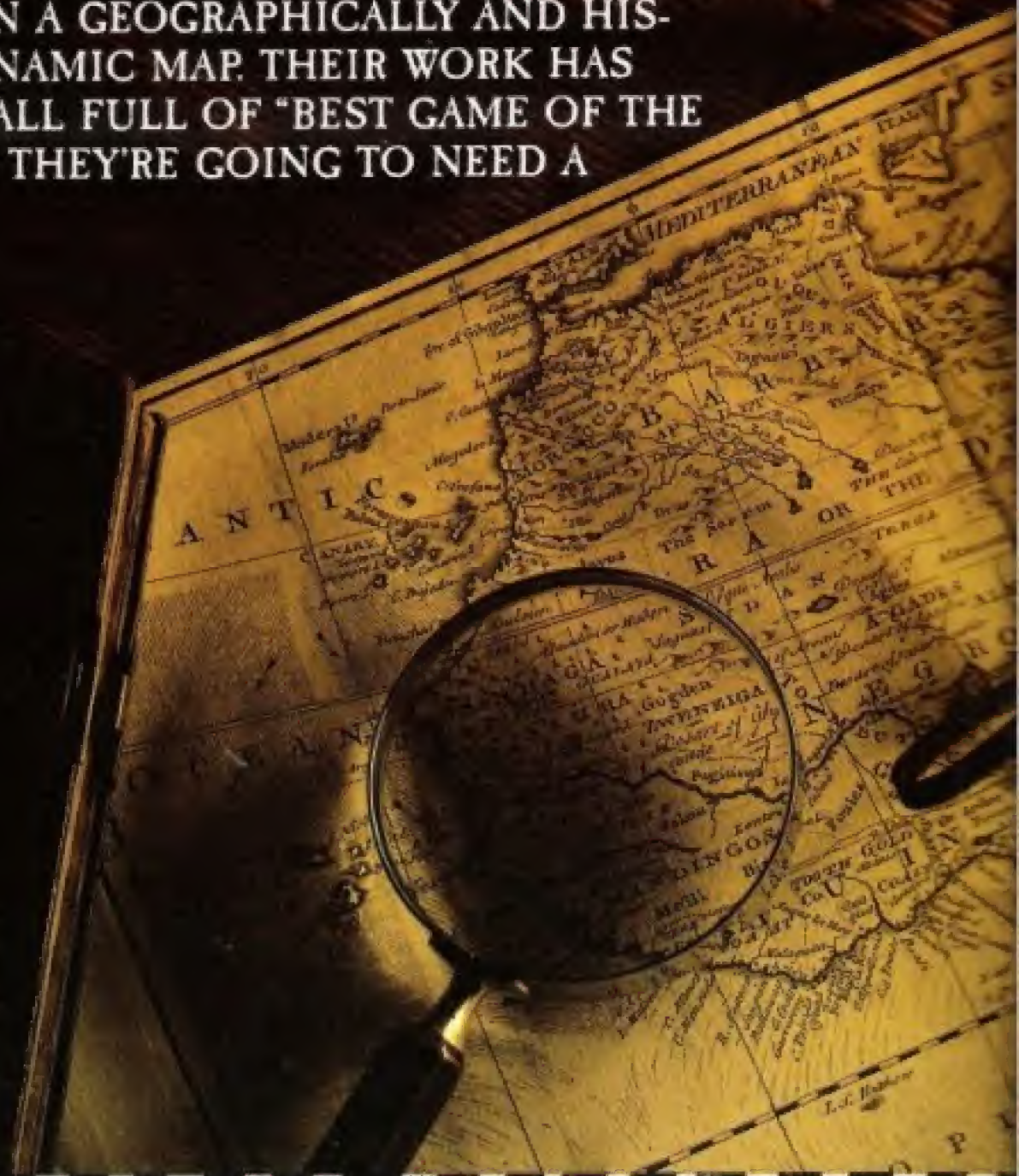
OZARK SOFTSCAPE PRESENTS  
A GRAPHIC ADVENTURE INTO THE...

# HEART OF AFRICA





**H**EART OF AFRICA MARKS DAN AND BILL BUNTEN'S FOURTH COMPUTER COLLABORATION. THEIR FIRST, *CARTELS AND CUTTHROATS*, SET THE STANDARD FOR BUSINESS SIMULATION GAMES WAY BACK IN APPLE II PLUS DAYS. THEIR SECOND, *M.U.L.E.*, IS THE FIRST COMPUTER GAME THAT'S A TRUE RIVAL TO CLASSIC MULTI-PLAYER BOARD GAMES LIKE MONOPOLY AND RISK. THEIR THIRD, *THE SEVEN CITIES OF GOLD*, INVENTED A WHOLE NEW CATEGORY: GAMES PLAYED ON A GEOGRAPHICALLY AND HISTORICALLY ACCURATE DYNAMIC MAP. THEIR WORK HAS ALREADY WON THEM A WALL FULL OF "BEST GAME OF THE YEAR" AWARDS. WE THINK THEY'RE GOING TO NEED A BIGGER WALL.











### BOOK PASSAGE TO ANY PORT.

You have the thinnest of leads, the diary of a madman who disappeared hunting for the hidden tomb of a legendary pharaoh. You also have no time to waste. There are over 30 cities and settlements to visit, and you're not the only one on the trail.



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What the natives know will help, if you can get them to talk. The tools and goods inside their huts will help, too — shovels, canteens, canoe paddles, whips, ropes, machetes, guns, maps, gifts and more. Just be careful. Not everyone will be happy to see you.



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Imagine a huge map of Africa stuffed into your computer. The Nile. The Congo. The Niger. Mt. Kilimanjaro. The Sahara. Lake Victoria. The whole thing. And if you get lost, just press the button. "The Nile River," the screen will say. What it won't say is, "about 2 miles above the falls."



### AUTOMATIC MAPS AND RECORDS

As you explore, your computer draws maps and keeps a journal, recording the most important clues for later review. It also keeps a record of your last two, uh... misfortunes. "Lost incredibly valuable talisman while running from very angry rhino," it might say, or "Oops, better luck next time."

# JANUARY, 1890. THE AFRICA OF YOUR IMAGINATION IS ABOUT TO BECOME REAL.

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**EA**  
ELECTRONIC ARTS™

Made in U.S.A.

109602

# HEART OF AFRICA™

by Ozark Softscape



ELECTRONIC ARTS

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Commodore 64, 128 (in C64 mode)  
1 Joystick Required  
To Load: LOAD "EA" & //



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THE MANUAL

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MANUAL BY BILL BUNTEN AND MARK ARNOLD

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## INTRODUCTION

Heart of Africa is a game of exploration. Watch the screen as you play for information about how to operate the program controls. Refer to this manual for important insights into native customs and language behavior. Use the accompanying map to find important landmarks and locations which the natives may name when giving you directions.

The natives hold the key to your success for the simple reason that they know where the valuable things are buried and you don't. Get them to tell you what they know, and the riches in the hidden tomb will surely be yours.

To save your game, visit the pub in a port city and stand next to the native there, then follow the instructions which will appear. The first time you use this feature, choose the option which lets you format a blank disk for use with the program. You can save up to 10 different games at once on a single data disk. Each time you start a new game, the location of the tomb and other valuables is subject to change.

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Flattery, Frump, Flaghorne, and ~~Eagin~~  
Solicitors at Law

57 Park Avenue

New York, New York

October 10, 1889

Our Most Respected Candidate:

The purpose of this letter is to inform you that you have been named heir apparent to the estate of Mr. Hiram Perkins Primm, contingent upon your completion of a certain task. We congratulate you for satisfying the criteria set forth by Mr. Primm as "an uncommon person" who is in a state of "uncommon worthiness."

Mr. Primm, late of New York and founder of the Primm Casket Company, apparently perished during an expedition into Africa. We last heard from him in 1887. He appointed our firm to serve as executors for his estate in the event that he did not return.

Our firm's commitments to Mr. Primm include choosing a suitable person to inherit Mr. Primm's vast holdings and making certain that his life's work, "shedding light upon the dark continent," does not perish with Mr. Primm.

You seem to be the suitable person for whom we have searched. You are believed to be intelligent, ambitious, energetic, and on your way to becoming established in the world of commerce. Our research suggests that you feel yourself to be both under-appreciated and under-rewarded in your present situation. Moreover, you are thought to be ignorant of the African continent. Mr. Primm felt quite strongly about this latter criterion.



After his retirement from business, Mr. Primm's devoted full time to the first hand study of African funeral customs. His aim was to write a book about primitive and ancient funerary methods. It was during this research that Mr. Primm came upon the rumors that led to his final expedition. These rumors pertain to the Lost Tomb of Pharaoh Ahnk Ahnk (see attached legend of Ahnk Ahnk). Mr. Primm believed that the legends of tribal storytellers contained clues regarding the location of the tomb. He was pursuing that belief, journeying from tribe to tribe in search of traces of "the last man" (see attached legend), when we last heard from him.

Primm attempted to involve other exploring groups and his own family in his quest. To this end, he wrote a paper describing the legend of Ahnk Ahnk. However, it was never published (or believed). His curiosity grew into an obsession. He believed that if he could locate this tomb, he would uncover the lost secrets of ancient Egypt (including the mummification processes used by Egyptian embalmers to preserve flesh). He would also vindicate his reputation with the so called "experts" who showed no interest in his search.

He travelled through all regions of Africa, but never found the tomb. His family attempted to have him declared insane and to have his wealth removed from his control. He retaliated by declaring that no member of his family would inherit a penny from his estate (see attached will).

In 1887 he informed us of his intent to return to the "Heart of Africa, where the tomb will be found". No one was to accompany him so that he might win the trust of the natives who could tell him stories of "the last man's trail". All we have are his notes summarizing his journey up to that point (see attached) and his instructions regarding what to do in the event he did not return.



Here are those instructions as they apply to you:

One: This expedition must be undertaken alone, like both the last man and Mr. Primm. Should the worst happen, our solemn pledge to you is that we will send another person after you and will ask that he give you a proper burial should he locate your earthly remains. That person, of course, will, of course, have succeeded you as heir apparent to Mr. Primm. (We also hope you will be alert to discovering the remains of certain other individuals who have preceded you, including Mr. Primm himself.)

Two: Mr. Primm has stipulated that the expedition must be completed within five years. If you are gone longer, it will be clear that you are hopelessly lost or deceased. Therefore, if we have not heard from you by December, 1895, we will have to send someone else forth, someone who will have first claim on the discoveries and the inheritance. So don't tarry out there. Find the tomb and hurry back!

Three: You will find enclosed a check for \$250 for your initial provisions. We realize this is a small amount, and will wire money to you in port cities as you make important discoveries that confirm your "uncommon worthiness". This is in accordance with Primm's wishes.

Four: passage has already been booked in your name on the S.S. African Queen, departing Baltimore for Cairo on November 29, 1889. You need only to report to the ship with proof of your indentivity on or before that date to claim your place on board. Your five year term of opportunity will begin when you arrive, in January, 1890, if all goes well on the voyage over.



We trust that we have judged you correctly and that you will undertake the quest. May good hunting and luck be with you.

We remain your most obedient servants,

*Wilfrid Frump*      *Ronald Flattery*  
*Willoughby Flaghorne*

Wilfrid Frump, Esq.

Ronald Flattery, Esq.

Willoughby Flaghorne, Esq.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

(Should you come across the earthly remains of Mr. Fagin, you need not provide a funeral for our former junior partner; his expedition was quite unauthorized, and he was never eligible for the Primm inheritance. Should you find him alive, we hope that you will use every precaution because he may in fact be somewhat antagonistic towards you. You may tell him for us that he has no business being there and also that he will not find a warm welcome should he wish to return to this office. We are reasonably certain that he has failed thus far to find the tomb. We are also of the opinion that he was in no way "an uncommon man." His greed is--or was--most ordinary.)

Attachments:

Primm's will

Primm's letter to Fagin

Primm's unpublished legend of Ahnk Ahnk

Primm's notes on Africa (We took the liberty of having these typewritten for your convenience)



Last Will and Testament of  
Hiram Perkins Primm

I, Hiram Perkins Primm, being of sound mind, hereby declare that all my worldly possessions, including my Casket Company, my estate at South Egg (Long Island), my yachts, and my Chase Bank accounts, are to be bequeathed in the manner herein described, at the time of my death.

First, no member of my family, including my wife, Estelle Jenkins Primm, my sons Bernard and Randolph Primm, my daughter Mable Primm Lowell, nor my sister Beatrice Primm Turnkey will inherit anything whatsoever.

Second, my attorneys are instructed to find an appropriate "candidate" to carry out my life's work, which has been to shed light on the dark continent. I hope that these attorneys will choose an uncommon person of uncommon worthiness, one who is eager to



seek knowledge and who is willing to share this knowledge with the world.

I have been disappointed in the past by the professional societies who have pretended to have interest in Africa, but who were more interested in making jokes about me. Do not find someone who thinks he knows Africa already. It is far better that the candidate be ignorant but curious.

Lastly, it is my desire that this candidate be given only nominal funds (related to efforts in the heart of Africa) to cover travel expenses until the candidate actually locates the tomb. At that time (no more than five years after setting out) all my possessions would become the candidate's.

Dated this 4th day of February 1886,

Hiram Perkins Prime {signature}



Milhouse Fagin  
Attorney  
New York, New York  
March 21, 1887

My Dear Mr. Fagin:

I truly appreciate the personal interest you have shown in my journey, and hence I am writing to you rather than to your senior partners. They, like so many others, have been too busy to show much interest.

Your letters caught up with me here in Zanzibar. Your questions reveal a mind that ought to avail itself the opportunity to learn more about ancient death practices. I do have opinions about the chemistry of ancient Egyptian embalming fluids, opinions I will share in my next letter. I'm writing now to let you know that, yes, despite adversity, I am alive and even have news: I am nearer the tomb than I have ever been.

I must apologize for this letter's brevity and informality, but today there is neither time nor opportunity to maintain more than the barest minimum of civilized forms. I am weary, ill, tired, and running out of supplies, but also encouraged to the point of feverishness.

I feel that my quest for Ahuk Ahuk's tomb may finally be reaching fruition. I have just talked to some natives who have renewed my faith in the longevity of legends. They tell a story about a Traveller who visited their tribe many suns ago, who had



a very wealthy relative with the name Uncle Uncle!! This must be Ahuk Ahuk. And they are going to take me where they understand him to be buried. It is some distance from here, but I have not come this far to be afraid of an additional trip. Soon my vindication will come. All ancient knowledge will be mine. The enormous wealth said to be buried with Ahuk Ahuk is of no consequence in comparison.

These natives seem to be fine little people. When I think of all the people I have asked about Ahuk Ahuk and how few have been able to help, I assure you that it is an exhilarating thing to learn something encouraging. These are the first positive responses in some time. Mr. Fagin, I wish you could be here to share in their enthusiasm for my search. They know something and they are going to help!

I am headed into the Heart of Africa where the tomb will be found. I hope to have good news for you soon. But, as always, should I not return, you understand the instructions in my will. Do your duty!

Yours in faith,  
Hiram Perkins Prime



## LEGEND OF AHNK AHNK

by Hiram Perkins Primm

(A summary of my surmises based on my travels in Africa.) Ahnk Ahnk was Pharaoh of Egypt in the 9th Century BC, from the time he was seven years old. Clever and ambitious, he became the richest man the world has ever known. He saw the value of being the carrier in foreign trade. He gained control over the Phoenician trading vessels, contracts, and routes. Very quickly he became fabulously wealthy.

As he aged, he like many before him became less worldly and more concerned about what would happen to his body and possessions when the end came. He feared the marauders who had already begun raiding the pyramids (i.e., the tombs) of his ancestors, desecrating their remains. Richer than any previous pharaoh, Ahnk Ahnk knew he would need to hide his tomb well if he and his possessions were to escape the fates of his ancestors.

He called together his advisors and told them to discover the most remote part of the world. After much discussion and study they recommended a particular place in Africa. Ahnk Ahnk immediately made plans to move all of his possessions there in the biggest exodus in human history. (By my reckoning, this occurred some three centuries after Moses led his exodus.)

Before Ahnk Ahnk himself died, all who had helped in the move and the tomb construction willingly gave their lives in the service of their pharaoh. One last man was entrusted with (1) sealing the tomb's only entrance, (2) creating an unfollowable trail out of the area, and (3) killing himself. Thus, there would be no person left living who could ever again find the tomb. Ahnk Ahnk's bones and treasures would be safe for eternity.

The last man seems to have been the flaw in the plan. He had promised that he would travel far away before he committed suicide. He kept his promise. He travelled for some five years to hide the trail. This very long journey succeeded admirably in creating a difficult trail to follow. But stories about this journey became a part of the legends of many African tribes. Many of these legends are still remembered by the tribal historians, and they contain hints regarding the path the Last Man followed and thus constitute the makings of a trail back to the tomb.



Notes sent by Mr. Primm preceding his final venture into the interior.

I, Hiram Perkins Primm, have penned the following information summarizing my journeys through Africa. These accounts should show the development of my theory regarding Ahnk Ahnk's tomb, as well as other information which I hope will prove useful should it become necessary for someone to follow me. I have divided these necessarily brief descriptions into five sections, each dealing with but one region of this amazing continent. Although I usually narrate my encounter with only one tribe in each region, the tribe I choose is quite typical for the region as a whole. Thus, you may trust the information on language, cultural practices and religions to apply throughout the region in question.

NORTH REGION

I am a month out of Cairo somewhere in the desert. My maps were blown away in a storm so I don't know my exact position. The sun's light is now overwhelming. Searing, burning, relentless, its oppressiveness wearies the spirit even more than the heat. It has been two weeks since I have seen people, and three days since I have replenished my water. I must now ration more carefully. I will sleep in the day and travel in the evening for I have a fear of sun-blindness. This land is forever rearranging and like the shifting sands, the people are also forever on the move. Water is the obsession. Where it is available, tribes flourish.

At last, an oasis. The green (even slimy) pond is more a dribble than a real spring, but it is enough. I drink, I wallow, shamelessly shouting, bounding about, and playing, a child once again in this moist Eden. The desert surrounds this tiny island of moisture, threatening to drown it in a sea of sand, but its life force, like the one in me, will prevail a little longer. The tight cluster of shrubs and trees crowds the tiny spring, as though they were vying for position to peer into its mossy wetness.

At this oasis I met a group of nomads whose ancestors have wandered in this area since the beginning of time. They call this oasis the El Mora Levimara, "The giver of life". The nomads related some delicious rumors about a forgotten tomb of some Egyptian pharaoh a long, long way from the Nile



River--a tomb containing enormous quantities of gold. They have no idea where this tomb might be found, only that it is a 'long trip from here,' though my impression is that it may not actually be a long way away.

I realize the contradiction in what I've just written, but much of what the desert dwellers said made little sense. For instance, when they give directions they seem to name them backwards. When they say east (in their tongue) they mean west. The only explanation I have for this phenomenon is that it is similar to the way sailors name winds. An "east wind" originates in the east rather than blowing towards the east. (I did learn one thing beyond doubt: my silver talisman is useless. They are eager for gold or diamonds, but these odd nomads seem to have an aversion to silver.)

At any rate, I have have a theory about the importance of listening to natives on the question of the location of this tomb. Though their history is not written in books, they do have bards who still tell tales as they have been told since ancient times! (I have heard that such is also the way the Iliad and the Odyssey were transmitted originally, which lends support to my theory.) I believe that more stories and legends about this pharaoh might still be in existence. I have not learned the Pharoah's exact name. The nomads seem to be saying "Oink Oink", as children in America might make a pig sound.

I left the nomads at dusk as they faced North (or as they say Nivera), saying their evening prayers, so much a part of their life. Their camels bleated plaintively as I walked across sands which still held the day's heat. They call their camels Ungomates, a strange word that seems to remind me of something that I can't quite remember. I am tired of this desert, I will journey Southwest into the savannah regions of West Africa (called Gahanna by the nomads).

#### WEST REGION

The yellow grasslands swell starkly across the hills and plains, only occasionally mottled by lonely thorn trees. Were it not for the animal population, the visitor would protest the featureless landscape that seems to stretch like some vast yellow ocean without end. But no other region in the world supports animals so large in size and abundant in numbers.



The dry, whispering grass of rolling savanahs provides a supreme wildlife spectacle. Herds of hooved animals, numbering in the millions, remind one of the tides at sea because they ebb and flow, as if following unseen currents. If startled, they stampede, and the sound is like distant thunder, or even the cannons of war, as it echoes across the plain. Following these herds closely are the hunting carnivores, the huge and vicious cats, cunningly camouflaged to match the grasses in color and texture. Trailing the cats at a safe distance are the scavengers, birds and dog-like creatures to whom God has assigned the thankless task of cleaning up after the hunters are done.

The only relief that comes to a traveller on these vast savannas is the forest and occasional swamps along the region's streams and rivers. A surprising number of West African tribes shares the savannah area with the animals. The tribes have evolved into little fiefdoms reminiscent of medieval Europe. While I visited a great many these, I spent the most time among the Hausa, finding their king a source of unending fascination.

"Huge" won't do him justice. Perhaps "giant", "gigantic", or "enormous" come closer to describing this mountain of fat that is their king. It took sixteen men to lift him in his litter, for which he had a great fondness. He loved being carried about, even if he had nowhere to go. The resulting pageantry provided an instant parade, and all the people of the village would stop what they were doing and watch. The sixteen bearers were soon glistening in sweat from their exertion, but they seemed to glory in carrying this ton of a man through their dusty streets.

The Hausa are proud of producing so fat a king. They believe that a stomach growls to protest an evil spirit's attempt to enter the body. So that no spirit would ever be able to enter the king, he feasted constantly. Because of his fat, the surrounding regions called the Hausa, "Ungala Saubaba", or Land of the Fat Man.

Feasts begin as readily as parades. I witnessed one that lasted for three weeks, ending only when the king was presented an ivory tusk. The ivory signaled a change in activity, for the king was then helped into his hut with his wives. Why the tusk is revered I do not know, but I do know that elephants



are regarded as almost divine, perhaps because of their immense size. They are called "Ut-hu Mambwama," god's guardian. I believe that had I brought an ivory tusk to the king, it would have endeared me to him, perhaps causing him to give me the information I needed without delay. Instead I stayed three months, feasting constantly, and gaining 23 pounds.

Only once did I see the Hausa angry. A trader showed the king an emerald and received in turn the tribe's wrath. They tied him up, put him in a canoe and set it adrift in the Niger River (called Huttingo by the natives). I have no idea what became of him, nor why emeralds made them so angry. I could never get them to discuss emeralds, which they called "Mimbumi". (This is also, interestingly, their name for the direction west. They name the east after "Katula", their word for the wind which blows from that direction.)

The tribal bard's stories about the pharaoh's tomb were at least similar to other legends. He told of an ancient white king who led thousands of "koko" (their word for camels and for the direction north) burdened with treasure through this area. When I asked where the white king (named Oz Oz in their language) went, he answered "Phuthswama". Other evidence leads me to believe that this is their word for south.

My leaving was the cause of a new feast and a parade to the gate. I waddled onto the plain to head South, into the jungle region.

#### CENTRAL REGION

Hot, wet, steamy, green-jeweled jungle. Africa at its darkest and most foreboding. Dripping moss and mystery from its emerald canopy into its humid shadows, the Congo Basin inspires awe; it is the essence of what Europeans suppose Africa to be. The jungle itself perspires in the relentless heat. Everything is always wet, damp, moist, threatening to mold. Most natives live in permanent settlements along the river where the moisture is at its worst. My body has acquired its own slimy tinge--a fungus that won't wash off.

Clearings are temporary here, with the jungle's constant encroachment threatening to cover up during night what man clears in the day. Nature never stops trying to re-claim its own. Jungle travel without a machete is almost



impossible. and though one can encounter great beauty, the thickness of the vegetation and the oppressive humidity and heat make enjoying that beauty quite difficult. Even such an astonishing sight as Livingston Falls seemed less impressive, thanks to my exhaustion and irritation when I reached them.

Generally it is folly to leave the rivers in this region. On one of the few occasions when I braved the jungle itself, I stumbled into the village of the Mongo. They lived quite a distance from the Congo River which they called "Mongdamara", which means "Mother of Mongo".

I immediately attracted a crowd of diminutive people when I arrived. At first I thought they were children but then noticed that none of the inhabitants, child or adult, was over five feet tall. But though short, they were quite numerous; I brandished my pistol and they kept their distance (which was fortunate since I had no intention of actually using the pistol).

They wore silver necklaces and bracelets. I showed them a small gold trinket to ask if they knew where more such things might be found. This act suddenly and surprising caused my standing with the natives to plummet. They all shouted something like "Makajuwamba" and rushed me. My gold was taken from me and given to the jungle in a strange ceremony, and I was tied to a post in the village square.

I later learned that according to local legends, all gold belongs to an ill-tempered jungle spirit called Thkgrunda; the strange ceremony was meant to return my gold to its rightful owner. I was tied to the stake for a whole day, feeding as many of the region's insects as could crowd onto my skin. Until you have itched horribly and been unable to scratch a hundred or a thousand times over, you will not understand the magnitude of my discomfort.

The next day the witch doctor, followed by a group of the tribe's men, approached with evil intent, but now my luck turned equally suddenly for the good. When they stripped off my khaki shirt, they paused with awe at the silver talisman around my neck. The medicine man stretched a bony finger. As though on cue, the wind shifted and blew now from the east, a strange occurrence here. The rare, east wind is called Utomba and is thought sacred by



the locals. (In fact, they name all their directions from it. South is "Right of Utomba", north "Left of Utomba", and west is "Not Utomba".) When this particular Utomba wind blew, drums paused, muttering began, and I was set free. I graciously accepted my shirt, respectfully declined any further hospitality, and tramped off into the jungle, resolving then to stay on rivers when travelling in the Congo region.

I learned nothing of the Pharoah I am pursuing from the Mongo. I would not advise that anyone else ever visit this village, with its ever-hungry insects, never-ending heat, and fickle natives. Perhaps I will find Lower Africa to the South more hospitable.

#### SOUTH REGION

I started down the Kasai River in January, determined to explore Lower Africa. After leaving the Kasai source, I soon came to the Zambesi River, known in these regions as the Lastwana. The weather here is quite cool and the air refreshingly pristine. The whole of the region is on a high plateau from which I can see purple peaks in the distance. The contrast with the steamy jungle (which still haunts my dreams) is most welcome.

The natives here love feasting and drinking their wines, and their talk is most colorful. They say for instance "Gumba lu Untoba", meaning "the wet smoke that sounds," a phrase which stands for (if I surmise correctly) Victoria Falls. Every tribe I encountered in this region--the Batwa, the Bemba and the Bantu, who dwell along the Zambesi--warned me to avoid the Zulu further South, saying "they are crazy men, fierce warriors that rob and pillage." In April I met the Zulu.

Zulu! Though the very word strikes terror into men's souls, I must report that I found them most hospitable. They call themselves Kaluzu, but are called Zulu because that is their war cry. Despite their reputation, I experienced warm, friendly conversations with a great variety of men--even the chief. In fact, it was to him that I listened with fascination as he told of the initiation rites that all 13 year old boys must undergo to be welcomed into full rights of manhood within the tribe.



At the first full moon after his 13th birthday, a young man is sent into the bush armed with only a spear. If he returns at the next full moon, without having any contact with the people of the village in the meantime, he is welcomed back from the dead (for the Zulu consider anyone absent to be dead) and granted his manhood. If unable to last the month, he is allowed back, but not as a man worthy to go to war or to carry large rocks.

During his month of "death", the young Zulu initiate might travel a great distance to bring back some unusual object. These objects are a source of great pride to the Zulu and are kept on display in a special hut. Items made of copper are especially prized, for copper is to them a holy metal believed to give strength to the Zulu warrior. Conversely, absent was any object made of ivory, which, I learned, they believed could weaken them.

One young man had returned with a penguin skin. Still another had dragged in a ten foot section of train rail and a striped, partially burned train engineer's hat. Sea shells from the Indian Ocean, called Oischipapa, were numerous. There was also a small statue of an Egyptian cat!

Great quantities of emeralds could be found among the Zulus. When asked, they said they came from a place called "Bethuda Zalabawa." Literally translated, this means "high place in the winter wind." Though I searched diligently to the south, I never found where it was. (In this region they name north and south by seasons--that is, "summer" designates north and "winter", south. East and west are, respectively, named "rising" and "falling".)

After leaving the Zulu I travelled southwest, crossed the Orange River (called Krashuntu by local natives), and reached Capetown to book passage to Zanzibar. I now have come to feel that the key must be in the East Africa region.

#### EAST REGION

Each region of Africa wears its own cloak, and none is more rumpled than East Africa. A fifteen hundred mile mountain range cuts through it like a knife blade, leaving the landscape scarred and barren. Towering vertical rifts jut



so high above the scrub-covered slopes that their peaks are usually shrouded in mists and clouds. The plains below, yellow from sparse rainfall, surround cobalt blue lakes. Lakes fill the regions worst cracks and serve as highways.

The people are as unique as the land itself, none more so than the Masai. Their strangeness is not easy to capture with words. The visitor is first struck by their extraordinary height (rarely does a male not exceed seven feet), but their height alone does not explain their peculiarity.

Nor does their dress, though it is in truth quite striking. White ostrich feathers sway above the swirling blue-tattooed faces, and bone necklaces gleam on ebony skin. Bright red and yellow robes covering the left side of their body are attached over their right shoulder. Their ear lobes are elongated and decorated with cylindrical twists of metal. Ankle and wrists bracelets of leather or metal complete their dazzling attire; European dress is comparatively quite dull. African pageantry and color are painted with a bold hand.

Their athletic prowess is astonishing. The Masai are each stamped from a mold that produces the lean torsos and rippling muscles of the hunter/warrior. But even this is not sufficient to explain their strangeness. I think it is more a spiritual quality than a physical one. Its essence is expressed in their manner of walking. They walk as if they formerly were dwellers in a another atmosphere and find this world more liquid than their last, and they move with the slow ethereal grace of underwater swimmers.

I have a theory about how this strange way of walking might have come to be. The Masai god, Kala Umbasai, bestows his blessing on those that come closest to his dwelling. (I never understood if he was the sun or simply able to dwell on its fiery edge). For generations the Masai dwelled on the highest mountains in Africa to be close to the sun. It may be there that they developed their peculiar, efficient walk because its efficiency conserves oxygen.

The Masai believe the tallest Masai to be Kala Umbasai blessed. Young men seeking truth (and height) will journey alone to Unumpara, the tallest mountain in the region (which must be Kilimanjaro, the tallest mountain in Africa). They take only a rope, (which I have myself have found to speed



mountain travel considerably) and climb to the top. Precariously perched on a craggy summit, they face Uba, the land of the rising sun; there they wait with arms outstretched until Kala Umbasai has entered Ka-uba, land of the setting sun.

The mountains serve other purposes as well. Troubled warriors are told, "seek ye Kala Umbasai." I was given this advice by a medicine man, when I had asked about the many emeralds held in such respect by the Masai; but at the time I neither understood it, nor knew where to look. Now as I write these notes I am far from the mountains, without rope or shovel, and am resting from fever.

Many young men of surrounding tribes adopt the Masai way of dress, much as fashions in Paris hold appeal across Europe, for the Masai are the most admired culture in the region. Likewise, all tribes in this region use lakes as highways, fear the elephant (Galumba), bury their dead on scaffolds (perhaps to start them on their journey to Kala Umbasai), admire emeralds, and enjoy market haggling.

The natives of this region have an aversion either to copper or to the design on my copper bracelet. After showing it to a chief I was heralded out of town with a stomping of feet and a shaking of spears. I kept that bracelet in my knapsack for the rest of my journey in East Africa.

The pink flamingoes are sacred to many tribes here because of their unique ability to survive while drinking the waters of the poisonously alkaline lakes. Called ukambi, they live in flocks over a million. At dawn when the flock rises to feed, their brilliant color shimmers in the morning sun like a pink silk sheet blowing slowly across the lake. It is as if the viewer has seen pink land rise, and take flight, when the eastern breeze, called Odabi, nudges them into action each morning. Thus, east is "to Odabi" and west is "with Odabi." Their other cardinal directions are named for gods that live at the ends of the earth: Relolo dwells at the north and Dethamee at the south.

I have been unable to learn a thing about Ahnk Ahnk or the last man among the tribes here. I am going back to Zanzibar, to reflect and to set my affairs in order before beginning my search anew.



## Appendix: Operating the Program

Use the joystick to move about, press the button when you're standing still to move control to the four icons to the left of the exploration window. As you use the stick to move the highlight among the icons; the name of the highlighted one will appear below the icons. Press the button to select the highlighted icon. If still more options are offered, again use the stick to move the highlight and press the button to select the highlighted option.

The diary icon lets you page through your diary to review the clues you get from the native chiefs. The map icon lets you see what you've explored so far in the region. It also provides a map of any city or village you're in provided you've gotten a native to give you your bearings there. (Natives give you things when you give them things. For cash transactions, simply stand next to a native in his hut to learn what he will sell, then stand over each commodity and press the button to buy. Watch the screen for information about prices. (In cities there is one merchant who will buy valuable commodities as well as sell them. Native chiefs can tell you where the valuable commodities are buried, if you bring them what they want.)

The options icon offers three choices. Two let you check on your location and condition. (Do not hesitate to ask "where am I" often if you're having trouble finding your way around.) The third lets you drop things off to form a cache (which will be marked with an X on the map). Most of the time you'll find whatever you left when you return to a cache.

The hand icon lets you select what you have in your hand and it lets you use items in your backpack like maps and medicine. What you have in your hand effects how the natives act toward you, how well you move in various terrains, whether you can find buried treasure, etc.

Two warnings. If you become delirious, your joystick control will become uncertain; it will take patience to select an option that will restore your senses. And if your feverish drive for wealth causes you lose sight of civilized distinctions between right and wrong, be prepared to suffer the consequences.

Go to a pub in a port city to save your game so you can resume it later. If you don't have a disk formatted by the program for use as a data disk, you can choose the format option at that time. To save a game on your formatted disk, follow the screen prompt to type one of the digits 0 through 9. You can save up to 10 different games on the same data disk at the same time, one for each of the 10 digits. To resume a saved game, type its digit when prompted to do so when you start the program again.



## **Items & Uses**

Gifts - for trading with natives.  
Medicine - to cure wounds.  
Pistol - for defense or threatening natives.  
Machete - for defense or moving in jungle.  
Whip - for limited defense.  
Shovel - for digging up buried items.  
Canteen - always filled with water, for crossing desert.  
Rope - for climbing mountains.  
Map - of entire continent, for guidance.  
Food - you need it to survive.  
Canoe - for travelling on rivers, but burdensome on land.

## **Other Things & Purposes**

Money - for buying supplies.  
The Printed Map - because native descriptions are not always in English.  
Clues - if you give the right gifts to the chief of a village, he may give you clues to the location of Ankh-Ankh's tomb.  
Bearings - if you give a native a gift (by putting a gift in your hand & then bumping into one), he will give you a "bearings" map. Dots represent buildings & important buildings you can enter look different than the rest.

## **Types of Buildings & Their Purposes**

Store (pick & shovel icon) - for medicine, maps, gifts.  
Food hut (green peaked roof, checkerboard design) - for canoes, food.  
Tool hut (flat roof, checkerboard) - for shovel, rope, canteen.  
Weapons hut (black peaked roof, checkerboard) - for pistol, machete, whip.  
Chief's hut (slightly bigger, one semicircle on top) - for clues.  
Pub ("Pub" on front) - for Saving game for later play.  
Travel Agent (lightning bolt) - to purchase passage from any one port to another.  
Bazaar (4 pillars) - for buying and selling precious metals and jewels.





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# AFRICA





## HEART OF AFRICA

## COMMODORE 64 &amp; 128

**Getting Started**—Plug a joystick into joystick port 2. Turn on the disk drive, turn on the computer, then insert the program disk. Type **LOAD "EA",8,1** and press Return. (If you are using a Commodore 128, type **GO 64** and press Return to enter C64 emulation mode, then type **LOAD "EA",8,1** and press Return.)

Each time you begin a new quest, the locations of the tomb and the valuable commodities are subject to change. If you find the tomb and want to hear all of the theme music, do not press the button until it has finished playing. (The music will also play all the way through when you start the program if you wait instead of responding immediately to the "press a key to continue" prompt.)

To save a game so you can resume it later, enter the building marked "**Pub**" in a port city, stand next to the native there, then follow the prompts as they appear. The first time you use this feature, use the **f5** command to format a blank disk for use with the program. If you save a game in which your explorer died or in which you found the tomb, resuming that game only allows you to review your diary.

To return to the game options screen while playing so you can start a new game or resume a saved one, press **f1**.

To pause/resume the game during play press the space bar.

THE MANUAL AND A MAP OF AFRICA ARE LOCATED INSIDE THE FRONT COVER OF THE PACKAGE.





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